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**THE BULLETIN.**  
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**ROSS & ROSSER,**  
Editors and Proprietors.

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine,  
Before I part all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me:

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret;  
Is there one link within the past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I  
Can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,  
Untouched, unshaded by mine?  
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is  
lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel  
Within thy inmost soul  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole,  
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true  
mercy, tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine can not fulfill?  
One chord that only another hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole  
life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon-spirit Change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange?  
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my  
heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day  
And answer to my claim,  
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—  
Not thou—had been to blame?  
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou—ch,  
sorely thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear—  
The words would come too late;  
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,  
So comfort thee my Fate;  
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I  
would risk it all.

**"They went into the Mount of Olives."**  
There's something sweet in the scenes of gloom  
To hearts of joy bereft,  
When hope has withered in its bloom,  
When friends are going to the tomb,  
Or in the tomb are left.

'Tis night—a lovely night—and lo!  
Like men in vision seen,  
The Savior and his brethren go,  
Silent and sorrowful and slow,  
Led by Heaven's lamp serene.

From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,  
To Olivet's dark steep,  
There, o'er past joys, gone like a dream,  
O'er future woes the present seem  
In solitude to weep.

Heaven on their earthly hopes has frowned,  
Their dreams of thrones have fled;  
The table that his love hath crowned,  
They ne'er again shall gather round,  
With Jesus at their head.

Blest not, O God! this hope of ours—  
The hope of sins forgiven;  
And when our friends the grave descend,  
When all the world around us lowers,  
We'll look from earth to Heaven.

## Jennie Davis and I.

On a sunny summer morning,  
Early as the dew was dry,  
Up the hill I went a berrying;  
Need I tell you—tell you why?  
Farmer Davis had a daughter,  
And it happened that I knew  
On each sunny morning Jenny  
Up the hill went berrying, too.

Lonely work is picking berries,  
So I joined her on the hill;  
"Jenny, dear," said I "your basket's  
Quite too large for one to fill."  
So we staid—we two—to fill it,  
Jennie talking—I was still—  
Leading where the hill was steepest,  
Picking berries up the hill.

"This is up hill work," said Jennie;  
"So is life," said I, "shall we  
Climb it up alone, or Jennie  
Will you come and climb with me?"  
Redder than the blushing berries  
Jennie's cheeks a moment grew,  
While without delay she answered,  
"I will come and climb with you."

Few ladies are so modest as to be unwilling  
to sit in the lap of ease and luxury.

The ship on which a lady loves to embark  
on the sea of enjoyment, is courtship.

## A NERVOUS WIFE, AND HOW SHE WAS CURED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My friend Wilkins married a sweet young girl, of a quiet, amiable disposition, but in no way skilled in those domestic arts, without a knowledge of which a wife's duties are always felt to be hard in the beginning. He was the envy of more than one who had aspired to the possession of her hand. I knew him to be industrious, intelligent, and kind-hearted; and I felt sure that he had taken a life companion who would be faithful and loving. The promise was bright enough to warrant a prophecy of more than ordinary happiness.

They removed to another city. Ten years, afterwards, in passing through that city, I called upon Wilkins, who met me with the old, frank cordiality. Eyes and face were in a glow of pleasure, when, still grasping his hand, I inquired after his wife. His countenance changed instantly. Poor Mary! he said, in a sad, discouraged way. She has no health.

I'm sorry, was my natural response. Sick, and the loss of two of our children, have so worn down body and mind, that she is now but a shadow of her former self. Worst of all, her nerves are completely shattered. But you must see her. To meet an old friend will do her good. You will take tea with us, and spend the evening.

I assented, and then made further inquiries about his family and worldly condition. His story was not a very bright one. The birth of their first child was followed by a prostrating sickness, which brought the young mother to the utmost verge of life.

She has never had good health since, said Wilkins in a depressed voice. My income was small; and we could not afford the amount of household assistance, in the beginning, that she really required; and so everything was against her restoration to sound health. Children came rapidly, bringing with them more exhausting cares.

And the death of two of our little ones, to which I have referred, seemed to complete the work of ruin. She is now a hopeless invalid, a poor, weak, nervous, unhappy creature, a mere wreck of what you saw two years ago, mope like a fearful ghost through her daily round of duties, and only kept alive by the constant and careful attentions of a physician. I don't think the doctor has been out of my house for two weeks at a time for six years, and I'm sure he has received more than fifteen hundred dollars of my money in that time. The fact is, what, with doctors' bills, nurses, medicines, and the hundred nameless expenses a sick and nervous wife entails upon a man, my fortunes have been marred. They keep me poor.

Wilkins spoke in a fretful voice. It was plain that he had grown impatient under the trials to which the bad health of his wife had exposed him.

I called at his store again, towards evening, and went home with him. Had I met Mrs. Wilkins in the street, I would not have recognized in her the happy bride who, ten years before, blushing in beauty, I had seen giving her hand in a life-partnership, with such loving confidence in the future, to the husband of her choice. Her countenance was wan and wasted, all the beautifully rounded outline gone; her eyes, deeply sunken, were languid almost to indifference; her hair, once richly luxuriant, had fallen off, until scarce half of it remained, and that looked dry and crisp, with here and there a premature line of gray. She stooped slightly, and her motions were lifeless.

A faint smile parted her lips as I grasped her hand with all the warmth of a genuine friendly interest. But it faded almost as soon as it was born. I tried to talk with her in a cheerful strain, and did succeed in awakening a brief interest in the olden time. But the present was too painfully real a thing; it would not let her thoughts indulge in pleasant fancies. I could not help asking about herself and her children; and she turned the current of her feelings into the worst channel; and I listened to her sad heart history, and painful experiences in sickness, until my own feelings were deeply shadowed. I pitied her.

What a sombre, suffering life had been hers! Into what a world of misery, instead of happiness, had marriage translated her! As she talked, I observed her husband carefully. It was plain that he had but little sympathy with his wife's state of feeling. He was a sufferer with her, though in a lighter degree; and, as his sufferings originated in her, there was, plainly, a certain lack of kindly patience towards his companion. Several times he interrupted her, trying to draw the conversation into another channel; and once or twice he threw in depreciating sentences, as if she were exaggerating the unhappy story of her life.

I learned that Mrs. Wilkins rarely, if ever, went out of her own house. Her duties were very arduous, and her ability, from ill health, small. Every day she worked to bodily exhaustion, and usually in pain. There was no recreation of any kind, bodily or mental. It was a living death. No wonder she was a drooping, wretched, nervous woman.

On the next day, I called to see my friend at his store, my mind made up to have a plain talk with him. I referred to his wife, expressing in regard to her earnest sympathy.

Poor Mary! he replied, her case is hopeless, and mine, too, I fear. While there's life, there's hope, said I, using the physician's half-despairing axiom. He regarded me a little curiously.

How often do you take her out riding? I inquired.

He shook his head. Can't afford carriage hire; much as I can do to pay the doctor. No, no, neither of us has time or money to spend for riding out.

Change and fresh air you will find better and cheaper medicines than doctors' stuff. Do you take her to the sea-shore once a year? or to the springs, or the mountains?

You are jesting, he replied, with the air of one who felt that an undue liberty had been taken.

Far from it, my friend, I answered, seriously. I feel to warm an interest in you to just on a subject like this.

The sea-shore, the springs, the mountains are summer luxuries beyond the reach of our ability, he spoke sadly.

Do you name them as luxuries in your case. If the enervated votary of pleasure and fashion needs them for recreation, and to impart a new zest to the year's succeeding round of gay existence, how much more essential are they for the sick, the nervous, the exhausted toiler in life's field of earnest labor! I fear, my friend, that you have not thought wisely of your wife's true position; that, in some sense, you are to blame for her present ill health and state of mental depression.

How? Wilkins looked surprised. The human soul, I answered, is not a piece of senseless machinery; not made up of a series of iron wheels that can do their work as well in the dark underground chamber as in the broad daylight. Even the flower must have change—air, sunlight, morning, evening, and the advancing seasons for its healthy growth and maturity. But the human soul is of higher organization, and of multitudinous wants, compared with the flower. Shut up the flower from the warm sun and the refreshing air, and it will not grow sickly? Nay, will it not fade, wither, and die? You are treating your wife with less consideration than you would treat a house-plant. No wonder that she is dying daily.

Wilkins really looked amazed; and I was for a little while in doubt whether he were offended at my freedom, or astounded at his own blindness touching the nature and wants of the human soul he had adjoined in a life-companionship with his own.

Nature's two best physicians, I went on, are pure air and exercise. And, what is better, they charge nothing for attendance. To a large part of mankind, answered Wilkins, time is money. It is so in our case.

Don't make that too positive a conclusion. Increase the strength, and you diminish the hours of labor; nay, more you remove from them the cause of extreme exhaustion. My word for it, if you had spent a hundred dollars a year in giving your wife change of scene, sea-bathing, and mental as well as bodily recreation, your doctor's bill would have been reduced by more than that amount. How often do you take her to the concerts, or other places of public amusement?

We haven't been to a concert for five years, said he. And yet I remember that she was passionately fond of music. We can't afford it, remarked Wilkins, gloomily.

Better go without a dinner occasionally. Health of the soul is quite as essential as health of the body. If you starve the former, what is there in more eating and drinking worth living for?

Mary wouldn't go if I were to purchase tickets. She has housed herself so long that she has no desire to step across the threshold of her prison-house.

For which, speaking frankly, and to an old friend, you are, in a great measure, to blame. And, unless you at once, and with a purpose not to be set aside by first difficulties, open wide the doors of this prison-house, and actually compel the drooping prisoner to go forth, a few years will close up the history of a wretched life.

Ah! said he, I can feel the force of what you say! But how and where to begin?

That is the question. I notice, was my reply, that Herz, the celebrated composer and pianist, is in your city, and will give, this evening, one of his concerts. Take her to hear him.

The eyes of Wilkins dropped to the floor, I saw what was in his mind. The tickets were one dollar each, and the expense, therefore, larger than he felt that he had a right to incur or a simple amusement. He had too many demands for dollars in other and more important directions.

I am going to invite her, said I; and I don't believe she will refuse me. I'm sure she will not go. Wilkins was quite positive.

We'll see. You will take a note of invitation from me at dinner-time. I will enclose tickets for you both and say that I will call at tea-time, and make one of the company at the concert.

Wilkins was incredulous, and half opposed me; but my interest in his unhappy wife was too strong, and I resolved to have my own way. The tickets and invitation were accordingly sent.

I called at my friend's store, late in the afternoon, to go home with him. Well, said I, cheerfully, what word from your good wife? Will she be ready for the concert?

I'm afraid not, Wilkins shook his head, and looked gloomy. What did she say?

That it was impossible for her to go out; that she couldn't leave the children; and, finally, after I had met every objection with a reason that could not be gainsaid, she declared that she didn't feel like going, and couldn't think of it.

The fee is very solid, and hard to break through. I smiled as I spoke. It is that want of inclination which must be overcome. She'll go if we insist upon it.

But Wilkins was of a different opinion. I know her a great deal better than you do, was his answer.

At tea time, I went home with him. There was a change in Mrs. Wilkins; a glance revealed this. The languor and exhaustion, so painfully apparent on the previous evening, were scarcely visible. Her eyes were brighter, her countenance more elevated, her lips had a firmer outline. I saw that some attention had been given to her dress; and, though not in concert trim, it was plain enough that it would not take her a very great while to be in presentable condition.

Wilkins was in error. His wife did go to the concert, and surprised both him and herself by the amount of pleasure she received from the exquisite performance of Herz. Indeed, she expressed her satisfaction in

lively terms, and with a glowing face, in the intervals of many of the pieces.

How is Mrs. Wilkins? I asked of my friend, as I entered his place of business on the next day.

Better than for many months, I am pleased to say, was his answer. She seemed, this morning, almost another woman. The music was like an elixir to her soul.

I had faith in it, said I. Depend upon it, Wilkins, you have been consenting to your wife's death by murder and suicide—murder on your part, and suicide on hers. My next recommendation is Cape May. Give up your business for a week, and borrow the money to pay expenses if you haven't the ready cash on hand; but take your wife to Cape May immediately. It will not cost half as much as her funeral. Sea air, sea bathing, and a sight of old ocean, will put new life into her veins.

She can't possibly leave home. We have too many young children.

She'll have to leave home, and her young children too, forever, if you don't do something to save her. I spoke with some feeling, for I was a little provoked at my friend's inclination to throw difficulties in the way. Just make up your mind that the thing has to be done, and I'll answer for your wife.

And so she did. A little management was practiced. I accepted another invitation to tea, and, during the evening, gave a graphic description as was in my power of the novelty, excitement, and wonderfully beneficial effects of a week at the sea-shore. My own experience was quite to the point, having regained strength almost by magic after a long period of extreme nervous exhaustion.

You must take your wife to the sea-shore. It is just what she wants, said I, after the way had been fully prepared.

Wilkins followed up with such a hearty acquiescence that the point was carried under scarcely an appearance of objection. Difficulties were, of course, suggested; but these were pronounced of such slender importance that they were waived almost as soon as presented. Two days afterwards I had the satisfaction of seeing them off on a steamer.

As I shook hands with them, I could see, in the countenance of Mrs. Wilkins, some reviving traces of her old girlish beauty; and a rekindling in her eyes of the light of other days.

A year afterwards, in passing through the city, I made it my business to visit my old acquaintance. He received me with a warmth of manner and cheerfulness of spirit which satisfied me that this of mind had considerably improved.

How is Mrs. Wilkins? I made almost immediate inquiry.

A broad smile went over his face as he replied: A thousand per cent. better than when you saw her a year ago.

I am delighted to hear you say so. How did the Cape May prescription answer?

Admirably. It worked like a charm. Mary came back another woman. It was to her almost like discovering the fountain of eternal youth. I never saw such a change in any one.

Didn't she fall back into old habits of mind and body after her return to the city?

No. How did you prevent that? I inquired.

By acting on the hint you gave. I hired a wagon for an afternoon, once a week, while the pleasant weather lasted, and showed her all the fine scenery within ten miles of the city. It cost me two dollars each time; but it was cheaper than paying the doctor; and the medicine cured more radically.

You can't imagine what a change in her feelings took place. Nothing outside of the narrow circle of home interested her before; thought seemed asleep, or palsied; but now she takes an interest in everything. Her soul has awakened from its dead torpor.

Was it not starved into more than infantile weakness? I remarked.

Nothing is truer than that, I replied. And like the body, it must have the alternations of shade and sunshine, fresh air and exercise. It must have change and recreation, as well as seasons of labor. Without these, mental health is impossible; and without mental health, there can be no true bodily health.

Husbands, I fear, are not thoughtful enough about their wives in this particular. I am very certain, if every toiling house-keeper, and worn down nervous, exhausted mother, whose pale face is hardly ever seen beyond the portals of her own door, were forced abroad, occasionally, into the social world, if they would not go willingly, and taken yearly to the springs, the sea-shore, or the mountains, for a few weeks, that hundreds and thousands of wives and mothers who are now sickly nervous, and unhappy, would be in the enjoyment of good health and cheerful spirits giving light to their homes, and happiness to the hearts of their husbands.

Try the prescription, ye men with sickly, toiling, exhausted wives, whose pale faces haunt your homes like ghosts of former blessings. Pity them wisely, and hold them back, while you may, from the low resting places under the green turf towards which they are descending with rapid feet.

Too MUCH TWISTING.—The follies of grown people are frequently brought out by children in startling prominence. Two girls of twelve or fourteen years passed along Lake street yesterday, surrounded by hoops and trailing dresses over the dirty pavement. They were novices in the management of such rigging, but determined to acquire the art in due time. "Do I twist too much?" asked one of the anxious couple, as she wriggled along. "Oh, no," said the other, "but if you could raise a little more on your toes as you squirm, it would throw your dress better."

The purpose of an unmarried woman is generally like herself—single.

Brethren, said Spurgeon, if God had referred the building of the ark to a committee on naval affairs, its my opinion it would not have been built yet.

## From the West Chester Jeffersonian.

**Light Hope, the Day Dawns.**  
The workmen of New York have convened in public meeting to consider the effect of our civil war upon their interests.

Several thousand of them met together, and they resolved that the present war was prosecuted for the benefit of the negro, not the white man, and its result was to enrich the idle worthless few at the expense of the toiling millions. A meeting is to be called in which are to be represented all occupations in the United States, the members of which live by their industry.

This movement is the most important one which has occurred since the commencement of this calamitous, sectional strife. It is the voice of the people which is now heard rising above the rage of madmen and thieves. Let the upholders of this bad administration stand back and take heed.

They have been rioting off of the wealth produced by the hard hand of labor, reaping rich harvests of profits, while the toilers are condemned almost to want. Matters must be mended. The mass of the people are not going to be made bawlers of wood and drawers of water, for the idle few. This war is fast producing the results here, which hitherto have been produced in European communities. The laborers, the producers, the consumers starve. The traders, the contractors, the loan dealers, the office holders, riot in wealth.

No man with a grain of common sense will deny that it is labor which creates all the wealth of a country. The bread we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, are all due to labor. Without the productions of the great army of laborers, each in his pursuits, what would merchants have to trade on, or rail roads and ships to carry?

What would become of our Doctors, Lawyers, Preachers? Without daily labor, would not the wheel of the manufactory stop? Would not the traders in towns and the importers in cities, close their stores and country houses? Would not this Abolition Administration fall to pieces, as labor pays the taxes which sustain it?

These things are so. The toiling millions see and feel it. Hence their movement. We say let it spread. No hope of relief is there but from them. Presidential candidates, bribe taking Senators, blood thirsty preachers, throat cutting fanatics, beastly amalgamationists, the cunning contractors, merchants whose Ledger is their Bible; the public thieves, who steal our taxes or go South to steal negroes, horses, plantations; men who have the soldier's scrip, when do they wish to see this war ended? Never. To them it is a windfall. Their pockets are bursting with gain. They riot at the best hotels, seek the gambling houses, drive about with a white mistress in the day time, and house with a negro wench by night. The public debt is accumulating, yearly, at the rate of a thousand million of dollars, to be paid by labor, yet these scoundrels and swindlers exult that public credit can still be bolstered up, and the public Treasury re-filled for them to thrust their hands in. Relief from the shoddy men need not be looked for. The laboring masses must take our public affairs in hand, and bring the government back to be a white man's government. It is now niggerized, and it is time that the reign of the negroes was ended. The stout arms and brave hearts of the toiling millions, the producers and the consumers must and will do it. To them is committed the safety of free institutions.

**The Aspiring Negro.**  
Under the teachings of the Tribune, the colored people are beginning to "put on airs."

In the *Anglo-African* of this week we find a sharp attack upon Eliza Wright, a Boston abolitionist, because he presumes to say that the negro has not so much virility as the whites. The editor goes on to show that the colored race in this country doubles every twenty-two years, while it takes thirty years for the whites even with the aid of emigration, to double their numbers.

But hear how this darkey editor talks: "You, friend Wright, you need not disturb yourself about the black man, in these United States; he has a good standing color, and an abundance of endurance; just brush some of those knobby cowboys from your brain and look at him; tall, brawny, well limed, sound-brained as God made him, a man and a brother. You sharp-nosed, hatchet-faced, lank-haired people, aided by science and the 'hub' have vainly tried to crush the manhood out of him, and failed; go give up; you cannot lie him out of his manhood. He is a better man and citizen than you or your race 'ever dare be,' under any circumstances, in all climates; if not, why do you out down his equal chances?"

Why shut your eyes to facts? Bluff Ben Butler, the other day, started on a forced march of some two or three days. He had two white and two black regiments of infantry. It was in a climate morose, "favorable to the whites." How was it when they arrived there? One half the white soldiers had straggled, exhausted, on the road—very black soldier answered to his name at roll-call. "Pshaw! Don't 'fool' any longer. If you want this rebellion wiped out take three hundred thousand of your blacks; give us Ben Butler or let us go alone, and in sixty days the South shall be wiped out."

This is decidedly rich. The darkies now claim, it seems, to be a healthier, sounder, brighter race than their New England admirers. These last are pronounced "sharp-nosed, hatchet-faced, and lank-haired," while the negro is "tall, brawny, well-limbed and sound-brained." Negro equality is no longer the doctrine; it is now negro superiority.

And is it not a little degrading for the bigger to acknowledge brotherhood with the "sharp-nosed, hatchet-faced, lank-haired" Yankee?—*New Chester Jeffersonian.*

Fun is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice a foe to scandal and a friend to virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens heart and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

## Negro Bravery.

The Abolition papers have been in ecstasies over the foolish stories told about the bravery of the negroes at Port Hudson. Of course, the story was all false, for it is simply nonsense to talk of negro bravery. In any fair fight one thousand white men would easily whip ten or twenty thousand negroes, perhaps more; but just now we have a fair sample of the reliance to be placed on these *proteges* of the Abolitionists.

The recent expedition which Lincoln sent to Florida in order to set up "a one-tenth State," has come to grief. The audacious Floridians refused to be "conquered," and instead of accepting the amiable joke of the "Amnesty Proclamation," they actually attacked the benevolent party of white men and niggers who were carrying the Lincoln boon to them. Silly people, to be so regardless of their own best interests! But to the point. An officer of a Rhode Island battery, writing home, makes the following revelation. He says:

"We went in with four pieces, fifty horses, eighty-two men, and four officers, viz: Captain H. Lieutenant Myrick, Lieutenant Doyle and myself. In twenty minutes we lost forty-four men, forty horses, two pieces and four officers, when we managed to get off with what little there was left. It was our misfortune to have for support a negro regiment who, by running caused us to lose our pieces. The fight lasted three hours, when finding his army so much out of the General ordered a retreat."

This was sharp work. "Forty-four men and four officers in twenty minutes," is over two per minute, and those forty-eight brave men, it seems, fell victims to the negro policy of Lincoln & Co. Since the time that Major Dade and his companions were led in ambush by the Indians in Florida, there has been no such record of slaughter in our history as in this "one-tenth" expedition of Lincoln's to get another State for the manufacture of bogus votes. When will the deluded followers of Abolitionism be satisfied that they are following a phantom, which can only lead them into sorrow and their country into ruin? In attempting to carry out an impossible and unnatural theory they will sacrifice thousands and tens of thousands of their own race, and in the end, matters will be just as they were when they commenced—the negro will be a negro and the white man a white man. We trust we shall hear no more about negro bravery after this Florida failure.

*New York Day-Book.*

## Fanaticism.

It is a common pretense of the negro-worshipping fanatics of the day, that God has interposed his strong arm to deliver the nigger from slavery. Some are so utterly deluded, perhaps, as really to believe that this is so, and yet contrive to keep out of the lunatic asylum. But the authors of the blasphemous proposition, have set it up to shield themselves from the indignation of the people who have been ruined. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was justified by the same convenient, devilish Jesuitism, and with more plausibility. If God is the author of this war for the purpose of liberating the niggers, who was the author of the enslavement of the niggers? How shall we decide between God and man? If we are to believe that God is the author of this cruel, relentless, and devastating war—this war upon virtue, morality, and religion; this war upon the homes, and hopes, and hearts of women and children, and trembling age—if He is the author of all this, perhaps it was the Prince of the Power of Darkness who brought the negro out of benighted, barbarous Africa, and placed him in the only way possible, in contact with American civilization, and the light and liberty of the gospel. All that the negro is above the gorilla, he owes to slavery. He was found baring his head into the sand before a wooden deity; he was found feasting upon the scorched flesh, and drinking the warm blood of his brother; he was found a slave where slaves were victims—where their blood was drained for the gods, and their skulls used for pavements—he was rescued from all this, and from the heathen land where the mother forgets her offspring sooner than the tigress, and made what he is, as we have already said, by slavery! Is this the work of the Devil?

And are we now to believe that God is putting forth his arm to scourge the South with blood, and tears, and desolation, for her part in the business? Are Southern men to-day more guilty than their fathers? Who gave America her independence, and unexampled prosperity for so many blessed years, with slavery? Why did not the Savior of men declaim against the slavery of his time, and warn mankind against it? Let those who are so ready to shield themselves from crime by insulting heaven, answer us these questions, and explain to us why the North should be required to pay so large a proportion of the penalty for Southern wickedness? Why should so much northern blood and treasure be sacrificed to avenge the sins of others? Has God stirred up the hearts of the people to the savage cruelty of war, and heaped so much sorrow upon the innocent, in order to cause a few millions of semi-barbarous negroes, with more freedom than they are fitted to enjoy? And then, forsooth, abandon them to perish of cold, hunger, and neglect—in contraband camps, or by the way-side? And, finally, we would ask, looking around us upon all the manifold evidences of irreligion, demoralization and depravity, if God is the author of this war upon Slavery, who is responsible for the warfare upon His Kingdom?—*Dayton Empire.*

Sometime ago the New York Tribune wanted to know, because the New York News printed McClellan's report, why it was, if he was not a traitor, that he received the support of traitors. If Lincoln does not believe that the "Constitution is a league with death and covenant with hell," why does Garrison support him? If he does not believe our flag is a "damning lie," why does the Tribune support him? If he is not a miscegenationist, why do the sixty-four signers at Port Royal, who are reported to have practically applied the doctrine, support him?